

## her recipes

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## her recipes

by [ameriboo](#)

### Summary

A girl with a heart as big as hers falls in love often. With life, with people. Watch as May falls and falls before she is finally caught.

### Notes

disclaimer: i don't own anything.

notes: this is dedicated to my lovely friend mari. she is an inspiration and truly someone that just GETS what i'm all about. she is an angel. also, i believe in the freedom of preference but if you spread hate about anyone of these pairings i will remove your review. no room for negativity here. this was a gift to a friend. not something for you to judge based on taste. judge me for poor writing, but not on pairings. anyway, i love may so much.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

*"She always picked love; she always picked adventure. To her they were one and the same."*

...

*Steven Stone*

(ingredients: rose quartz, cologne samples from magazines, meteor showers)

It started with an interview on television. His icy grey eyes looked intelligent as the host questioned him on how he is going to balance being Champion of Hoenn and President of the Devon Corporation.

"There's a simple answer to that," Steven Stone sang with confidence. "I *won't*."

May ignored how her father Norman, a popular who has had his own fair share of interviews, snorted and rolled his eyes at the screen. May's mother Caroline gives a kitten-like smirk as she filed her nails and sat on the other side of her husband.

"Quite handsome, isn't he?" Caroline asked, her nightingale voice full of delight.

"Sure, if think a man with rocks for brains is handsome." Norman crossed his arms over his chest—his face and posture stern.

"When are they going to talk about his Metagross?" Her curious yet demanding younger brother Max whined as he sat on the floor close to the tv set. "The Champion should be talking about battle tactics! Not crystals and hippie stuff."

"There is more to life than just battling, Max!" May retorted, sapphire eyes glued on the television screen as she playfully hit Max's leg with the remote control.

May, who was going to be going on her journey in a few weeks, has riddled her stomach sick with anxiety about her future in the pokémon world. She never connected with pokémon or battling or using outdoor toilets. May liked gourmet gelato, young adult novels, and vintage film cameras. With her father as a leader of the Petalburg Gym and her Pokedex of a brother, May felt overwhelmed with the ideology that she had to contribute everything about her to pokémon.

Which is why she couldn't help but fall a little in love the way Steven Stone talked about his passion for steel production, rock collecting, and astronomy. He was Champion but his heart wasn't limited to battling and winning. Steven was well-versed in so many things, incredibly intelligent. And *hot*.

There was something so endearing about an Adonis casually talk about the rarest geode forms and how cruel it is to farm sableye at high rates just to profit from collected gemstones.

His teeth and eyes and skin all sparkly and diamond-dusted.

*Dreamy*, May thinks to herself. *Absolutely dreamy that it's unfair*.

She coos at how his nose wrinkles in embarrassment when they ask him about his close friendship with Wallace, a top coordinator.

Later, she dug through Caroline's pile of magazines and finds Steven throughout a few fashion ones and on some covers of the Devon Corporations monthly subscription catalog. Using her craft scissors, she carefully cuts his figure out.

Eventually, her buttercup-colored wall is covered in Steven Stone and his journal articles about

crystals being useful for on the road medications for young, stressed trainers.

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May found her calling in contests. Her life becomes decorated in ribbons from all over the world and pokémon that become her life partners. She still loves her gelato and books and photography.

She just ended up sharing her mango-flavored treat with Blaziken and Munchlax. She learned to read to Skitty during her cat naps. Whenever there is a cute moment on her travels, she makes sure to take a few snapshots of her team and friends. She kept what Steven Stone taught her years ago.

She is reminded of her embarrassing wall of him at a gala for coordinators. What was he doing at a contest event?! May clutched her glass of wine in nerves, as she spotted Steven and Wallace chatting together under the crystal chandelier.

Before May could even run across the dancefloor to gossip at her semi-friend, life-long enemy Harley, she watched as Wallace's attention went elsewhere and Steven's went towards her direction.

*Is there cream puff on my face?* She questioned, gently touching her cheek. No, no cream puff on her face. Then why was he looking—*WALKING* in her direction?!

Before May could chug the rest of her rosé, Steven Stone gazed into her with an extended hand for her. A faint buzzing sound is all that she could hear but they were both already in the middle of the dance floor before she realized Steven swiftly took her glass and spun her in his arms. A hand on her waist.

"May," he said her name with enough warmth to melt butter. "Thank you for this dance. I've been feeling a little antsy all night—so Wallace suggested I'd find someone lovely to ease this poor man's nerves."

At that moment, May decided she'd give up her firstborn just for Wallace's sake.

"Of course!" May replied joyfully, her grin wide and cheeks flushed. "I never mind a dance, but I have to admit I'm a bit taken back. I—I didn't think you would remember my name."

*Wait till Max and Ash hear this one,* she cheekily thought to herself.

Steven's sincere smile ate away at her heart. "Forget the Princess of Hoenn? I'm an old fool but luckily, I'm not senile enough to not remember a smile like that."

May chuckled at his poor line and let herself be twirled and twirled by him. She followed his lead, with one hand on his forearm and the other clasped in his lifted hand.

The classical melody came to the halt as did their moment. She wanted to say more but felt that a curtsy was suitable enough. Steven bowed in response, his graceful image even better in person than on thin poster board.

The top of her hand is taken into his, left with a kiss and a cold gift.

She opened the palm of her hand to find a brilliant deep blue. It was a gemstone.

"Lapis lazuli," remarked Steven, as he stepped in the other direction. Looking over his shoulder, he gave her a soft, almost sorrowful smile. "Your eyes—your eyes are the same shade."

May held the precious gem over her heart, watching as someone once so legendary to her became

touchable for just a slither of time.

. . .

### *Ash Ketchum*

(ingredients: hot sauce, campfires, a picture book about a princess and her knight)

He was the first person she experienced on her journey. Ash Ketchum had that deep Kantonian accent going on when he got all fired up and May realized she never met anyone like him.

With her bike fried by his Pikachu and little guidance, she convinced him that they should travel together. This led to May's internal story developing. May's adventures had four main characters: herself, Max, Brock, and Ash.

She was delighted when he agreed but she was ecstatic when she realized they liked the same type of tonkatsu ramen. Lots of pork belly and mushrooms and seaweed.

Eventually, one bowl of ramen became over thirty and they end up traveling across Hoenn together. Every ramen meal consisted of them bickering and holding a contest on who can handle the hottest chili sauce the restaurant had to offer. Every time her mouth burned with spiced heat and her nose started to run, Ash would have a glass of milk in her hand. To what seemed like not a big deal to anyone else, become something dear to her.

The boy would be in a fit of coughs and tears, yet he made sure that she was okay first. It did wonders to her young heart. That chivalrous side of his—made her wonder if all the boys from Kanto were like that.

It was in the little things.

Like how May would set up her sleeping bag next to his every other night. If she didn't immediately knock out once her head hit her pillow, then she would silently turn over and peak over her sleeping bag to watch as his chest exhaled slowly. His lashes were so dark and long. She doubted anyone would agree with her, but Ash had the *prettiest* lashes.

Or how she would sometimes grow so frustrated after a failed coordination technique and Ash was there with words of encouragement and empathy.

How Ash would step in front of her if she was in direct line for an attack. How he took her seriously as a competitor during a contest battle. How he would kneel and talk patiently with her whenever she ever asked about training advice. How his canines were sharp and visible whenever he went into a laughing fit after something slick Brock said.

May took notes of Ash. Found herself not only admiring him but understanding him. She saw that passion he had for life on the road and could feel how familiar it felt. *He's like me*, she whispered to herself.

It was like he carried a sword and shield at his side for the battle that was life. She believed that she carried her own—maybe they weren't as heavy or used but they were there.

She realized that part of her heart would always have a place for Ash after the day he found her teary-eyed in the middle of the night.

May hid in a garden outside of the pokémon center they were all staying at that night. It was all so stupid to her. Harley, who was also staying at the same center, caught word of May practicing and

followed her out.

Munchlax hid behind her leg as Harley went on how attractiveness mattered in coordinating. He zeroed in on her technical flaws and her lack of style before turning around to go back inside as he was coming back from a stroll.

At first, May was furious. She cursed and stomped her foot at his poor attitude. *Who would listen to Harley out of all people?* Then she began thinking of his words that held value and it hit her.

She called Munchlax back into his ball, put the pokeblocks in her pocket and crouched near the flower bed to collect her thoughts. May fiddled wrapped her arms around her knees in a fetal position, her salty tears falling onto the daisy petals.

"Who did this to you?"

She looked up and found Ash standing above her. His nose fuming and his chocolate eyes boring into her kneeled position. Balls of fists at his sides.

Well, he found her. Quickly, May stood up fast as lighting. Before she had the chance to speak, he held her shoulders in his hands, like he often does when he senses something wrong. "Who hurt you?"

"No—no one did anything." May partially lied to him, not wanting to mention Harley or his words of judgment, fully aware that Ash had an erratic side to him. "I'm just exhausted and overwhelmed by my routine—something is missing, and the contest is around the corner, so things aren't...easy right now."

Ash's fury laced frown softened slightly. Quietly, he waited for her to continue.

"So, when things aren't easy, I want to get fresh air and breathe and cry a little. When we wake up tomorrow, things will be okay, and I'll be ready to get it all down. I—I need that ribbon, *Ash*."

A rainbow of silk ribbons crossed her mind. She clenched her gloved hands to her side, biting her lower lip in an attempt to fight against the frustrated tears.

"May, you're going to win," Ash told her with utter confidence. "I out of all people understand how badly you want this, how badly you want to prove that you're the *best*. And I have no doubts that you're going to be."

It was as if he flicked one of her heartstrings.

"I trained alongside other trainers for most of my career—we think kind of differently than you and other coordinators. Battling is my life, yeah but coordinating? That's an art. You're an artist, May. The things you do at the center stage impresses me every time."

May looked at him with wide-eyes. Partially in shock, partially tempted to crush him in her arms in a tight hug.

"So," Ash continued, "when you're a Top Coordinator and when I'm the Master remembering my lame attempt at advice and how silly it is to panic over something that you've already got in the bag."

Before he could blink, she wrapped her arms around his frame, crushing her face into his shoulders. May exhaled a soft sigh and took in a deep breath.

"Ash," she whispered into his skin, "thank you. For everything."

He stiffened at her touch and blushed at her words tickling his skin. Ash spaced out before returning the hug.

"You don't have to thank me for anything."

She wiped the tears away on the back of her hand as they pulled away from each other.

"I don't understand why Harley can be such a jerk," he told her.

"... Yeah, I think he is trying to encourage me in his own troubled way."

Ash snapped his fingers like he just won the lotto. "AHA! So, it was *Harley*."

"Ash—wait! I never said that!"

He gave her shoulder a final squeeze before cracking his knuckles and running back inside the pokémon center in search of Harley and his sad excuse for cosplay. May watched as that original surge of angry stubbornness overcame him.

"AHH! *Ash*!"

She quickly ran after him, leaving all her uncertainties out by the flowers for the night.

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"Ash, when we were kids, I really thought I was going to marry you."

"Oh yeah? What happened?" He had his arm wrapped around her shoulder, as they walked side by side down the city sidewalks, with Pikachu holding onto his head. It's been a while since he was in Hoenn. The League always kept him busy but when Ash took every chance he had to travel around. Make his rounds and see his people.

They decided Lilycove City had some of the best late-night dessert stands. And her old crush on him tasted as sweet as fried dough.

The night he held her by the flowers, what Ash said to her ended up being true. He was Master and she was a Top Coordinator and they finally had a little time in between their chaotic lives to catch up.

"I would've wanted red velvet cake and you would've wanted some ice cream cookie crumbled concoctions. I figured it wasn't meant to be."

"What a shame. We could've worked out a half-n-half situation."

She gave him half a grin and shook her head. They both knew that wasn't true.

May pinched his cheek playfully as they went past the curtain of their favorite ramen shop.

As they slurped on the thick noodles and savory broth, May smiled fondly at the man before her. His lashes still long and his cap at a tilt.

He is her family. The boy she loved that taught her his definition of freedom—a mix of adrenaline and sweat thrown into a blender. It tastes like too hot takoyaki that burns the soft pink of your mouth but it's so *good* you savor in it.

Yet it was her that decided she needed to forge her own path. May packed her bags and gave her kisses good-bye to find that he was already gone. His heart and soul ahead at the next region as his

body stood before her.

And it's strange: to May, she never expected they would be together (and they aren't). But when she thinks of "first love," his face is the one she imagines.

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*Dawn*

(ingredients: a saltwater pearl necklace, pink chiffon, champagne-flavored gummies)

The Wallace Cup concluded, with Dawn as the victor, so May decided to spend a day or two more in Sinnoh before hightailing it back to her journey. She already received a couple voicemails from Harley and Solidad. Solidad sent her praise while Harley dramatically called her ten times in a row wondering when the hell she was getting back. Unfortunately, she didn't receive a message from the person she hoped was watching her.

But it was so cold May wanted to cry and missed the feeling of the hot spring sun touching her skin. She questioned how quickly Brock and Ash were able to adjust to Sinnoh.

As a Hoenn native, spring in Sinnoh made her want to wrap a cashmere blanket around herself and never get out of bed. Yet there was Dawn, in a silk pajama two-piece, eating the last bite of her vanilla-caramel ice cream from the pint. The coordinators were out at the hotel balcony, as Brock and Ash slept in the room over. May and Dawn quickly bonded over how they loved the late-night talks and midnight snacks. May was surprised at first, how comfortable she felt around Dawn.

It was like they've been friends since the start of time. May felt as if she knew Dawn, maybe from another time. Another life. May imagined them being bohemian travelers that sold essential oils and flower crowns in early Kanto. Or maybe they were maidens ripped away from their families amid the Great War, depending on each other and warm milk tea for comfort.

Maybe they were royalty with kingdoms as allies. Princesses running through lavender fields with their silk gowns, painted in mauve and seafoam, hiked up in their hands. Barefoot, with dandelions trapped between their toes.

May's imagination was stunted by the brisk wind that hit her. She shivered under the blanket, eyeing Dawn in confusion.

"How—how can you possibly not be freezing?" She asked, her lapis eyes as wide as dinner plates.

Dawn took another bite of her ice-cream. "It's in my blood, honey."

"...Mutant girl."

"No," Dawn giggled. "Shinnoans are pretty decent with chilly weather. Twinleaf Town gets cold but luckily we get all four seasons."

May nodded, picturing Dawn wearing seasonally correct fashion throughout her life. May usually stuck with athletic gear and cute patterns—Hoenn was too hot for a lot of layers.

"Wanna bite?" Dawn asked, holding up the spoon for May.

Instinctively, May opened her mouth as Dawn air planed the spoon. May winces at how freezing it felt but moans at how decadent the salted caramel was.

"Why did I do that?!" She screamed after a swallow, rubbing her hands together for warmth. As a fan of overpriced yet delicious things, May admitted that Dawn had high-class taste buds.

Dawn toppled over in laughter, putting aside the sweet treat. "I have no idea! Aha! May, you got some on your cheek—"

Before May realized, a soft hand held her face and wiped away the drop of ice-cream from her lips. Their eyes met, cobalt looking into lapis, and May's senses skyrocketed. Her stomach stirred with warmth and her skin? It tingled.

Dawn licked the dollop from her thumb, smiling at herself. "Got it!"

May's eyebrows shot up. Did Dawn just—*what*? In a second, Dawn shot a crater through May's heart and acted like it was nothing. This girl was not to be messed with.

A heated blush came over May's cheeks as she fought off a giddy grin from spreading across her face. "Thanks," May whispered, wrapping her blanket around Dawn as they huddled together. "Here—even if you don't feel cold doesn't mean you won't get sick. It's my last day tomorrow, I'd be sad if you were bedridden."

"Wish it wasn't your last day."

May blinked. "You mean that?"

"You know, the guys told me a lot about you," Dawn said, looking up at May as her blue-belle hair tickled her. "I was excited to hear that you do contests like me, but it became so real when you came and introduced me to so much in so little time—that battle gave me what I've been missing on my journey. It feels like, we were meant to meet or something."

Dawn was so close May could smell the peppermint and jasmine of her lip balm.

"I'm going to miss you, May," Dawn said truthfully. "I love traveling with Ash and Brock but you—you inspire me. Your strength and spirit—they have me a little awestruck. And it's something I want for myself. You make me want to be a better trainer and coordinator."

May decided that was the loveliest thing she has ever heard. Dawn was so sincere, so open. If only Dawn knew the steps that it took for May to be where she is at. May hoped that one day she would have the chance to tell her, possibly in an artisanal café over salted caramel lattes.

"Dawn, we'll see each other again soon," she assured the lovely-eyed girl. "We can write and call! It might take some time, but I expect a rematch."

Dawn cuddled against her, looping her arms around May's waist. "I'm so, so sad. But I'm happy I had the chance to meet you."

"Me too, Dawn," May replied, petting Dawn's hair as they hugged. "I'll miss you."

Dawn gave her a soft, almost angelic look. "—Let's go inside. We can put on some sheet masks that I got. Maybe watch a movie. You feel like aloe or honeysuckle?"

The brunette's heart squeezed with excitement. "Honeysuckle!"

By midnight, they had the facemasks on with a documentary playing about a mysterious ghost girl who has haunted the Old Chateau in the middle of the Eterna Forest for generations. The girls wildly laughed and commented on all the best parts, with an occasional frightened gasp breaking through

moments of silence. May hiding her face in Dawn's shoulder as the narrator commented on lost souls never finding their way. Dawn laughed at her expense while holding May's hand.

By three in the morning, both girls were out. The next morning Brock and Ash found them on the bed, intertwined like laced ribbon, peacefully breathing.

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"May, I'm going to do it," Dawn said with confidence, flicking her boba straw at May with emphasis.

May wiped off the splatter of peach tea boba from her arm before taking a large sip of her own traditional oolong milk tea boba. The flavors reminded her of the historical districts of Johto. The coordinators sat on the edge of a fountain in the middle of Santalune City, Kalos. The marble rosalia statue played a melody with it's cascading waters.

Dawn and May were invited to a conference in Lumiose City but decided to take some time visiting the cities and towns outside of the region's capital. They prepared the best color-coded presentations to introduce the art of contests to baby trainers. In about a year or so, Kalos would have its own circuit and the young women were so proud of all the bright-eyes excited for their adventures.

The Wallace Cup happened long ago but the promises made between the two friends remained. They kept in touch and often visited each other. They've competed against each other as much as they stood at the sidelines, cheering the other on. May loved Dawn, Dawn loved May. Their bond grew along with their collection of ribbons, their stories, and their love for life.

The Princess of Hoenn and the Light of Sinnoh were best friends. Every contest fan, from Kanto to Alola, knew that.

So, obviously, May wasn't taken back when it came to Dawn proclaiming another attempt at winning the heart of her long-time sweetheart.

"I'm finally going to ask Zoey to be my girlfriend."

May patted her index finger on her chin, looking like she was deep in thought. ".... Maybe I should go back to that boutique to get that trench coat."

"May, you are a support system. So, *support*."

The brunette gave her friend a teasing look. "You've been draining my energy with your emotional hard-on for Zoey for years now, Dawn. How about you support my fashion choices?"

Dawn's face was heated. "The trench coat would look *fabulous* with your torso."

"That settles it then! Let's go get it—" May clapped her hands together, getting ready to stand up only to have Dawn drag her back down.

"May! Please, I'm serious."

May sighed, placing the palm of her hand on the top of Dawn's silky head like she always does when Dawn is in that rare moment of stress. The poor girl may have the confidence of steel when it counted but even Dawn had moments of weakness.

"Dawn, I *do* take you seriously," May assured her. "It's just—I think you're a blind zubat if you don't think that Zoey wouldn't accept your feelings. We've been over this—even if she doesn't feel the

same way, that won't mean she is going to break your heart in two, honey."

Dawn let out a little whimper, her peony painted lips puckered and pouty. "It's just that...she is just now getting over her breakup with Candance. It's now or never!"

"You said that last time, doofus."

"Well, cut me some slack, May. I'm dying over my wife who isn't even my girlfriend yet."

May cooed at Dawn's pout, bringing her soft head under her chin in a hug. Immediately, Dawn wrapped her arms around May and squeezed her tightly as she let out her nerves. "Dawn, no need to worry, okay?"

"...What if—what if she says no?"

May couldn't believe that an angel like her best friend couldn't see the way Zoey looked at her. Zoey's softness around her, the way Zoey braided Dawn's hair since she was eleven and her powdered pink dress was a little too big.

May knew that Dawn was blind to how Zoey looked at her. Zoey looked through her, gazing at Dawn like she dusted space with stars and was made of light. She also knew that Dawn was blind to how May once saw her. May pining and writing postcards of the most heart-stopping sights all while thinking fondly about her friend from Sinnoh.

Her crush on Dawn has put to a halt the minute that Dawn expressed her feelings for Zoey. Zoey, red-eyed and mysterious, was Dawn's heart. The person she ran through cities and towns and wilderness just so she can be at her side, in and out of the battlefield.

May admitted that at first, it was bittersweet to see the twinkle in Dawn's spirit glow when gushing about how amazing Zoey was at practice the other day, but it just made the two friends closer. May understood falling for Zoey. The vixen drove a motorcycle and wore leather. Even she got sweaty sometimes around Zoey.

"Zoey looks at you like you are made of magic, Dawn. And you are, you are made of magic."

Dawn nodded. "You—you're damn right. Then, as soon as I'm back at Hearthome. I'll tell her how I feel."

May kissed her temple, smiling wide as she pictured Dawn and Zoey together, intertwined by their own lace.

...

*Drew*

(ingredients: desert sunsets, rose water, a succulent on the windowsill)

Beautifully had easily received more than a dozen roses from Drew at this point. Unknown to the boys, May kept each crimson flower pressed in her journal for safekeeping. After all, May figured it would be a shame to waste.

One in a blue moon, she would brew a few rose petals into a rose water spray. May carried the pretty pink rose water with her on the road, often refreshing herself and Max when the heat got to their face. Ash often wrinkled his nose at the "old lady" smell but she would stick her tongue at him. To her, the scent was attractive. It reminded her of her growth. With moments of Drew growing

alongside her in-between, the two of them sprouting together as rivals.

May began her day with a spritz of rose water to her face. Early morning, she trained and made sure to take plenty of pictures on her disposable camera. As lunchtime came and went, May decided to set out a woven blanket in the middle of the city's park. With her leather journal in her lap, May wrote a bullet list, in the margins beside the pressed flowers. She was alone today. Ash, Brock, and Max left early in the morning to see an arm-wrestling competition between different fighting-type pokémon, which left May to have time to peacefully indulge in herself.

With her pack of assorted gel pens, May pulled out the hot pink one and wrote a list titled: good things that are on the way.

*Good things that are on the way!*

*-A new heart-stopping technique crafted by me!*

*-Ash winning his next badge.*

*-Brock creating new recipes for pokémon food.*

*-Max getting his own starter soon.*

*-The love of my life and I on starting our story.*

Ash Ketchum comes to mind as May writes the last bullet, yet it doesn't settle right. Ash, her friend, and her crush, is important to her but May isn't one to not daydream about meeting a mysterious stranger or being part of a soul-crushing love story. She had a thirst for experiences of all kinds.

Love came in many shapes, different eyes and aura colors.

The brunette began drawing hearts and flowers next to the last line. Beaming, she exchanged the hot pink pen for a lime green one for details. May drew stems for the flowers and tiny succulents all around the corners.

As May continued doodling, a sweet floral scent dusted her nose. She looked over to her side to find a roselia looking over her shoulder, fixated on May's journal.

"Roselia! What a nice surprise!" May grinned as the familiar roselia twirled to greet her. May felt at ease as Roselia's sweet scent held its calming effect.

Roselia knelt beside May, eyeing her journal. "Roe!"

The coordinator giggled as Roselia eyed the pages with curiosity. She seemed to recognize herself in the rose petals.

"—Found you!"

May turned to find Drew standing over her, a hand on his hip as he gives his roselia a stern look. "You sure are fast for a creature with legs as thin as toothpicks," Drew tells his pokémon. Roselia pouted as she shuffled closer to May.

"Drew—hey! Whatcha doing here?"

"May," Drew said her name. "—Didn't expect to find you alone out here."

"It's called *me* time, Drew."

Drew gives her an amused smile. "Roselia is the same way. She likes it when I take her on walks through parks with botanical gardens—the pollen in the air is her favorite."

Roselia cooed at her trainer's words. The grass-type dangled her branched arms over May's journal, trying to get a closer look. May smiled at the curious gesture and put the journal into Roselia's tiny lap. Roselia happily clapped her red and blue bulbs together.

"Roselia, please don't bother May."

May shook her head. "Oh no! She's too cute to bother me."

"Ro, don't get too comfortable," Drew told his pokémon, who only peeked her head a little at him before continuing on admiring May's art.

May giggled at the interaction. "You in some type of hurry? Why don't you sit instead of standing over me like a weirdo?" May patted the empty space on the blanket next to her. "Plenty of room."

Drew blinked at her, before playfully rolling his eyes. "Well, if you're practically begging me."

The coordinator awkwardly settled on the ground next to May. He tried not to bump his shoulder against hers, but May didn't seem to notice how stiff he was.

"Comfy?" She asked, enjoying the fact that he didn't coolly shrug her off. Drew was difficult to understand. She never truly knew how he was feeling or his next move. It made her appreciate their rivalry—he made her journey as a coordinator interesting.

"As comfortable as anyone can be sitting on the ground, I guess."

She quirked her head to the side. "I suppose you carry a hand-crafted chair around with you as you travel then, huh?"

She found it endearing how Drew had his moments where he just looked *uncomfortable*. It made him seem more approachable. She liked catching Drew in positions like this.

*It's kind of cute*, May thinks to herself.

Drew shrugged, a slight grin forming on his face. "No, I hire people to carry it for me. I'd thought you'd be more observant, May."

"Ah! Yeah, how can I be so blind."

In all seriousness, be careful with Roselia holding your book. She has the habit of staining stuff."

May blinked, twisting her attention around to see dotted stains of red and blue across some of the pages. For a second, May was concerned but watching how bright Roselia smiled and how the colors looked pleasant on the page washed that concern away.

She waved off Drew's words. "My journal can take it. It'll add character anyway."

"I didn't know you journaled, May," Drew stated with interest.

May twirled a piece of her hair between her fingers, watching as the wind brushed the tall grass around them. "I try to have a lot of creative outlets."

"Coordinating alone doesn't do it for you?" He asked, leaning his arm on his knee.

She pursed her cherry glossed lips. "Well, when you're constantly inspired like I am, you need to keep a cycle of creative juices flowing."

"Journaling, photography, crafting some new moves—even trying out new pokéblock recipes!" May counted on her fingers, listing her hobbies with excitement. "Life is too short just to fixate on one thing."

Drew eyed May as she waved her hands around and flushed brightly, her sunshine disposition glowing. She doesn't take notice of a genuine, soft smile tugging at his lips. Fondness behind his jade eyes growing.

"—I used to dye my own bandanas and t-shirts when I was younger! It was difficult to figure out the patterns, but the process was so fun I felt like a chemist."

He quietly listened as he watched the girl go on about her passion for life.

"....Drew?"

"—Yeah?" He lifted his dazed head straight.

"Do—do I got something on my face?"

"No, no," he tells her. "I'm just kind of surprised by you is all."

May blinked at him, a slight tint of peach coloring her cheeks. "Oh."

"You're amazing, May," Drew said earnestly, watching as his roselia curled close to his rival. "More coordinators should be more like you."

"—Thanks, Drew." May felt bashful at his compliments.

"...But maybe if you focused more on practicing for contests, you'd actually get the upper hand on me."

May puffed at his joke, jabbing her elbow into his side. "OH! So, it's like that, huh? Just you wait for your pretty head, Drew. I'm going to destroy *you*."

"I hope you're wearing a tie-dyed bandana when you do the deed," he teased.

"Absolutely," she responded, flipping her hair. "It'll look so fabulous with my new ribbon."

Drew shook his head with laughter, finding himself at ease. He didn't expect his walk with Roselia to end like this. Whenever he began his day thinking of her, she would always show up in some way or the other. May always surprised him.

"Roe! Rose!" Roselia cheered, holding May's journal up to declare herself finished.

"You're done, huh? Did you like it?" May asked.

Roselia nodded her spikey little head. "Rose!"

"Aw, I'm flattered," she replied, accepting her journal from Roselia's buds.

Drew's curiosity got the best of him and quickly peeked over to catch a glimpse at May's journal. All he could get a look at was a flash of a dark crimson before May closed it shut.

Drew knew so little about her. He could easily spot her voice out of a crowd, but he wanted to hear her stories and tell her his. Her dreams—he had an inkling but there was still so much to May that he didn't know. And she wondered if she had similar thoughts about him if part of her wanted to know more.

He questioned if his name held a place on any page.

Drew never really minded being a "mystery" to the average person or fan, but he was starting to feel that maybe the roses weren't enough. Sharing parts of himself with her was something he feared but watching May's smile blossom as his rosalia melted under her attention reminded him that some things are just worth it.

"So," he began, his voice a little uneasy, "you tie-dye and journal. Any other talents you like to keep from your rivals?"

The question didn't come off as coolly as he liked but then her hands start dancing again as she began her story. Drew latched onto May's words, taking a mental picture of her as the realization crossed him like an arrow through a heart.

May is rose-scented, sun-kissed and vibrant and he likes her. He really, *really* likes her.

...

Drew woke up to the sun filtering through their window and blinding him. The whole bedroom lit with morning heat. In a blinded daze, he craned his neck over and saw his girlfriend peacefully rubbing her cheeks into her pillow, still asleep and unbothered. He watched her in silent awe, questioning what his past life did for his current self to be lucky enough to wake up to her.

A lazy grin breaks across his face as he stretched his arm out to move her bangs from her forehead, the palm of his hand resting on her warm skin. A deep breath leaves his chest as he took her in. Now half-asleep, she leaned into his touch. She shuffled across the mattress, the sheets up to her neck, as she leaned in and melted against his chest. Her breasts on his lower stomach. Skin to skin, she laid her head on him as he instantly brushed her hair through his hands, soothing her.

A vision of sunlight and warmth. Her caramel hair contrasted against the pure white of their sheets and he internally laughed at the memory of her fighting against herself to not spill any tea on the bed before nighttime. She's been trying so hard to keep their bedroom and their home perfect, but he couldn't give two shits when he woke up to her every morning.

He may like his pants pressed and his hair styled a certain way, but he was attracted to irregular lines and curves and chaos. No wonder he found himself hoping to see her spill her earl grey on the bed, just so he can catch a glimpse of her energy.

Chaotic or serene, he loved every part of her.

"May," he whispered his girlfriend's name, kissing her forehead. "It's eight."

"It's Sunday," she breathed, her voice soft with sleep. "Let's sleep in."

"I have freshly squeezed orange juice waiting for me, honey."

May wrapped her arms around his torso, sharing her warmth with him. He always felt cold to the touch, but his skin was smooth and familiar. "Take your vitamins with it."

"Of course. Want me to put the kettle on?"

She nodded. "Please. And make sure the saucer and teacup match."

Drew smiled at her. "You keep aesthetics going on even so early in the morning?"

May finally opened her lapis eyes, peering up at him. "I love beautiful things, Drew. Why'd you think I snagged you?"

A slight tint of color touched his cheeks. She said it as if she wasn't the most beautiful thing he has ever experienced in his life.

"May, I practically jumped into your hands," Drew told her, holding her face in his palm as his thumb rubbing against her cheekbone. "You didn't snag me, I've always been yours."

"How can you look at me like that but not kiss me?" She whispered, full of adoration.

"Morning breath."

"Drew!" She whined his name.

Cupping her face in his hands, he brought her lips to his, softly kissing her as she reciprocated. She smiled into the feathered kiss as she put her hand over his wrist, relishing in how tender he could be. To the world, her boyfriend was sharp and a lone wolf, but she was able to drink up that softness he unwrapped for her. The man who watered his plants religiously and always poured her drink before his own. The man who helped her put on her coat and was hesitant the first time he went to touch her waist.

The man who held off his retirement from coordinating a year because he didn't have the heart to not see her. That almost cried when she confessed that she waited for someone like him for *so* long. That she loved him too.

The man that kissed her like it was their last day on earth.

Her eyes fluttered open as they broke away from the kiss. "You won. Let's get some breakfast."

As she made a move to get out of bed, he pulled her back in against him before she even had the chance to speak. The kiss was his way of telling her that everything else could wait.

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## End Notes

notes: may deserves the world and content!

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